

Autumn Gowns Now in Order

FROCKS WHICH THE FALL
GIRL WILL WEAR.

First Importations for the Season
Are Already Arriving in
New York.

NOTHING is more interesting than the evolution and the following invasion of the summer girl. I have seen her for two months past at Newport and Narragansett, at Bar Harbor and Lenox, at Saratoga, on Lake George and up in the wilds of the Adirondacks, and everywhere the process has been the same. The stage or the steamer or the railway train deposits at the last of August, instead of merely a band is worth at the lowest reckoning \$2 a day more in the bill—a quietly dressed city girl, veiled, gloved, tailor-made, frigidly reserved. With the morning after her arrival away goes the severe frock and loquacious comes a



New Evening Dresses.

rough straw hat and something flimsy in blue and white lawn. On the second day there are bare shoulders. On the third day there is no veil. By the fourth day the hat is tilted back upon the head, and by the fourth evening the girl begins to sing choruses out of doors. By the fifth day she gets a longer-sleeved, holiday swing for her walk, and before the week is out she has learned to scramble to the top of a rock or to sit on the rail at the boat landing with her feet swinging.

With the second week her voice gets louder, her manner more pronounced, and she makes odd little attempts to run. In three weeks she is a rollicking boyden and in four she is apt to go home or to shift her quarters by that time she is so sun-browned and rosy that when the loquacious and the tailor gown and the gloves and the veil come out, she looks and feels for half an hour strangely awkward in them. Like a butterfly trying to crawl into its chrysalis again. When the half-hour is over she has adjusted herself, as any girl so quickly can, to her environment, and is as demure and discreet, as demure of eye and as low-browed as if she had never left the great dark parlors of her father's city palace, or worn golden-red at her belt, or had smelted the sweet fern in the sun.

The girl who is about ready for the metamorphosis, but who is not yet ready, is the girl I have been waiting for a few days up at Kene Heights, with the giants of the Adirondacks towering around. I saw her springing across the turf this morning from the golf links to the hotel piazza.

She was slender, gracefully built, with a face of brown beauty and small, white shoes. She wore a silver-grey muslin frock, with skirt wide enough for a ballet dancer and embroidered in pink and blue. A multitude of little ruffles followed about it at her feet and every ruffle was edged with Valenciennes. Blue ribbons caught it at the neck and waist and sleeves, and over her brown curls she had tied a big, smart light blue hat, smart with white wings and blue ribbons.

She looked at the row of dowagers statelyly sublimely, while the white clouds drifted over Noonmark and the Giant in shifting panorama, if they but stooped to lift their eyes; then she said discontentedly:

"Men have such queer ideas of fun! There they are out there at that putting place, working as hard as the brainiest sun as coalheavers, and yet they say



A Picturesque Visiting Dress.

They're having so much of a jolly good time."

The girl dug the end of her white parasol vigorously into the ground.

"I never could see that those hideous black golf stockings were becoming; they

torn down in such clumsy folds over the calves. It's to hide the shape of the legs, I'm sure."

The girl looked at the tennis court, where only other girls were playing.

"I wish we had a man here like Mr. — at York Beach last summer. The proprietor of the hotel wrote him this spring offering him board for the season at half rate if only he would come back again. And the hotel could afford it, too. He didn't go off golfing till his face was as red as a beet and his hair as wet as if he had been in bathing. He was always getting up picnics and coaching parties and boating parties and hops and tableaux. Things were never dull when he was around."

And the girl, having vented her spleen, strolled back to the golfers and sat on a stone and looked reflectively at the mountains. She will go home quite cheerfully in a few days.

For the girls who play golf themselves or who climb or who take any active part in the life of the woods and mountains, the new coming suits for September are very interesting. The best mountaineer in the region about the Adirondacks wears a perfectly plain, full skirt of leaf-green alpaca, with a smart little coat bodice slashed to show a white blouse and finished with a wide white sailor collar. A broad band of black ribbon ties the jacket across the front, and it has bright little gold buttons to look at, if not to use.

It is beginning to be the fashion among the autumn girls in the Adirondacks to wear Swiss peasant costumes, and very bright and picturesque the fanciful attire looks as they, laughing creature swishes past you up the trail among the trees, her dark red skirt tilted almost to her knees, her short, laced, black velvet bodice, letting the full folds of her white blouse escape from it.

The gold framework is a miniature imitation of the cords and blocks that form a part of the yacht's intricate rigging and the whole of this lovely ornament, that any woman would yearn to possess, measures three inches in length by nearly two in breadth. Sometimes these enameled pictures show ray sunsets and flights of gulls, or a whole fleet of tiny boats scudding over all white caps, while less expensive are yachting brooches, meant to hold one's veil firmly to the crown of one's sailor hat in front. These brooches are round, about the size of a silver half dollar, framed in gilded cords or the points of a pilot wheel and painted in pretty views on their flat ivory centers.

The days of the races it will be a modish frock for every loyal dandy to pin back the cover of her yachting reader with a long enameled burgee of the New York Yacht Club on the left side and an equally long enameled pin on the right reverse, to represent the pennant flying from the Defender's main track. Perhaps her white chiffon veil, with its black dots, will be caught by her crown by a silver pilot wheel at which two tiny gold sea horses are tagging and in her hands she will carry a white duck card case, her initials done in gold cords on one side and a very small nautical watch set in the other.

For the truly enthusiastic women who know a spinner from a tobacconist and intend to be on hand every one of the three race days, there are prepared most useful of racing logs. These small books are bound in white ducks with slots for holding silver set pencils at the back and within a cream laid paper, decorated with every device suitable to the great event, are left blanks for recording the wagers laid, the weather, dimensions of the boats, the time they make and at the end of the line on which will be collected the autograph signatures of Lord Dunsany, Mr. Levin, the captain of the boats, their builders and the cop committee.



A Novel Tea Gown.

one of the most exquisite dresses seen this summer. It was of pale green silk, shimmering like sea water. Soft folds of white chiffon, from whose depths peeped out pale, pink mallow blossoms, edged the skirt, and the bodice was a floating film of chiffon, with garlands of mallow and leaves.

Miss Virginia Fair wore a gorgeous robe of cream white silk, draped in classic folds. On one shoulder was a flashing diamond clasp, from the other the square drapelet hung free. The magnificent pink and gold embroidery were eastern in their splendor.

Miss Mabel Gerry wore a dress as becoming as either of these. It was of a peculiar pale green silk that showed a silvery gleam. The corsage was of very finely plaited mousseline-de-sole, drawn down at the waist under a green sash with long floating ends. Large rosettes of pale green chiffon were perched on the shoulders.

A New York modiste who is receiving her first importations of autumn models showed me this morning a particularly pretty tea gown. It was of fawn-colored silk embroidered in gold. Pale rose chiffon draped the front of the skirt and the chemise and formed the full, puffed sleeves.

A novel visiting toilet which she had received by the same steamer was of a medium weight cloth, in a heather mixture of black and gray flecked with red. The skirt was cut immensely full and above it was a tight bodice of black silk veiled with accordion-pleated black chiffon. Straps of jet passementerie kept the pillow chiffon from running round waist and neck-band were of jet also. The sleeves were of black Dresden silk covered with a blur of fine flowers. They were made with an odd series of little tucks and frills—Ellen Osborn.

Not Competent to Report.

"What did your wife say when you got in the other night?"

"What did she say? I don't know. I'm no stenographer."—Town Topics.

YACHTING JEWELRY.

Some Fascinating Novelties in Honor of the Defender.

When the signal gun is fired and the Defender and her rival get away across the line this week, many feminine hearts will await the conclusion of the races with keen anxiety.

Of course every dandy crowding the observation boats hopes, for the honor of her country, and the earnest gentlemen of the syndicate, that the Defender will sail triumphantly ahead of the fine English boat, but also for selfish reasons do these pretty women trust the new sloop will in truth defend the cup, since every one of them has lately risked something, in the shape of a wager, on our stately single sticker.

In other years gloves, candy, etc., have been the stakes agreed upon, but this season greater is the interest in the races because more desirable than ever before are the objects to be won, and the woman who has arranged her odds and placed her bets exactly that all her winnings shall come in the form of selected bits of yachting jewelry. There are no longer pretty trifles, such as the manufacturers have brought out every challenge year, but costly and novel works of art, as witnesses, for example, the yachting belt buckles. Their high price is guaranteed by their exceeding beauty.

In place of the usual materials and designs the clever jeweler has substituted high oval convex discs of porcelain, charmingly enameled, glazed and set in a frame-work of silver, heavily overlaid with gold. The enameled designs represent glimpses of blue sky and sea, with the white canvas of a tall sloop flashing against this azure background.

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A Novel Tea Gown.

HORRID FASHIONS OF '95.

How They Shock the Sensitive Modern Taste.

The fashions of 1895 should certainly go down to posterity in the annals of military as the embodiment of garish vulgarity, says London Sketch. Such headwear as the ladies wear nowadays would have been pronounced a few short years ago as the height of bad taste in the most ideal of 'Arrist! Only a few days since, lunching with a man friend at a well-known west-end restaurant, we were quite upset by the blare of crude colors at the next table, where three fashionable ladies were taking their midday refreshment. It was a picture of grass-green straw, at the back of it a vast bow of magenta ribbon, while on the front and sides grew huge bunches of an aggressively colored violet, such as nature—heaven be praised—never produced. That was No. 1. No. 2 was a bonnet made of yellow lace, on which reposed two salmon-colored bows of moderate dimensions, and at the back sprang a enormous clump of splendidly developed cornflowers, their hue the crudest blue and their foliage a green violent enough to have been bound over to keep the peace before any sidetrack magnate. No. 3 was somewhat less startling, for she was in half-mourning, but the white straw hat of vast size which she wore was disgraced as much as possible with enormous bows of white, among which flourished in the strongest manner weird black blooms and puff-balls of the dandelion, larger than any dandelion this world ever possessed—one of them would have seen Pincudbury with dandelions for a whole summer. Men exhibit bad taste enough, goodness knows, but Hampton Heath on a bank holiday could not show such vulgarity on a mere man as may be seen at any fashionable assembly this season on the once "wenker sex."

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Women Who Watch Women

ONLY PROTECTION AGAINST LADY SMUGGLERS.

Eight Female Customs Inspectors Are Employed on New York Docks.

ITS during the latter part of August and the first of September when the tide of travel is setting westward from Europe, that Uncle Sam begins to cherish sharp suspicions of those of his daughters who have been summering abroad.

More particularly does he have an eye to the lucky women, whose amply filled pockets were pretty well emptied in the shops that border the Rue de la Paix or Regent street, and for the benefit of his treasury and to keep watch and ward on these possible gentle lawbreakers he employs on his staff of custom inspectors eight women, of which number one or two are always on hand to greet every foreign passenger steamer arriving in the port of New York. But the work of these inspectors is much of the time more formal, for whether because consciences are tender, duties lighter or the dangers and penalties of smuggling too heavy to be risked, efforts at evading the customs, by women at least, are less and less frequent.

THEY DREAD THE FIRE

"There, for example, are our old friends, the dressmakers," said one of the most experienced inspectors on duty the New York force, as I sat down and conversed, with all the air of an expectant welcoming friend or relative of some home-coming passenger, she waited a ship on one of the North River docks. "Bitter experience has taught them submission. Once and again we have trouble with some venturesome body, but the losses have been so severe of late that smuggling no longer pays, and between the modiste of New York and Paris a new

system of purchasing and shipping has been introduced.

Nowadays the fashionable American dressmaker undertakes rarely more than one trip a year abroad. The French houses send over by post samples of goods, patterns, etc., selections are made and then regular agents manage the delicate and dangerous business of shipping, bringing the goods to the dressmakers' very door at one-third the expense and worry she used to have.

RUSES THAT FAIL.

The favorite scheme for getting through the hands of custom officers cheaply, is to present false accounts of purchases made. These bills are obligingly made out by the Parisian houses, giving the cost of the goods imported at one-half the true price, but the custom house is apt to keep shrewdly informed as to how the importers are buying.

Professional packers, who go from house to house and shop to shop preparing

for the clever inspectors is a clever mind-reader, years of experience having taught her just how skirts should hang and bodies fit, when there are no superfluous undergarments worn, and practice has cultivated in her so long a memory for names and faces, that at a pinch she could almost tell how many voyages every woman has made, her name, the dates of sailings and returns, and a list of the friends who saw her off each time on the dock, and welcomed her return.

DETECTED SMALL SMUGGLING.

All these qualities come into play when so information or warning has been lodged against travelers, and the inspectors can only be put on her guard by suspicion.

Immediately any doubts of an individual's honesty are cherished a watch is kept on her till all her luggage is examined and about to be carried out, then the inspectors, with all the manner of an old friend recalling herself to the traveler's recollection, steps up. Gently, most encouragingly, she asks is there any more to be packed, and she does not look anything in her declaration. As she talks she lays her hand on madam's arm, fingers lightly her skirts, watches her face and can judge in a moment whether an interview in the dock office would be advisable. If the traveler is a type at smuggling in the first attempt, rapidly repeats the offense. But a first offense encourages them in future sinning, and sometimes even the inspectors are so easily outwitted every season by these fair lawbreakers.

UNCLE SAM IS COMPASSIONATE.

The favorite articles for concealment are breadths of French silk, that sewed together form a sham under petticoat, gloves sewed into the back breadths of walking skirts, lace laid in sleeve linings, or mayhap a beautiful altar cloth, as was brought to light the other day, is discovered sewed in the side panel of a silk skirt. Fraudulent resistance is good for the soul of the amateur smuggler, and the government deals gently with such sinners. If they will pay the duty at once on the article found, no one outside that private office need be any the wiser for the seizure, and it has been found that a woman caught in the first attempt rarely repeats the offense. But a first offense encourages them in future sinning, and sometimes even the inspectors are so easily outwitted every season by these fair lawbreakers.

Now, the average woman is more sorely tempted of all things to buy lace abroad, and lace commands a high duty. One resourceful New York woman merely did her fifteen yards of old Valenciennes up in a careless-looking paper parcel, and actually gave it to the kindly inspector to hold while she elucidated the problem of her trunk locks, lifted the trays, in candid display of all her possessions, relocked the boxes, and resumed her little parcel from the man who had absent-mindedly held it all the while, the one dutiable article she had brought over.

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are the small attempts of private individuals who think it the slightest of sins to cheat their own government. Women who walk down the gangplank home from their first voyage, who have been regaled by their fellow-passengers by artful tales of smuggling tricks, discovered and treasured possessions cruelly confiscated, are apt to look anxiously about for the dreaded inspectors.

But that dragon is not so easily recognized, for women do not examine the luggage unless especially requested, and she who gets through with the custom officers most rapidly is blissfully unconscious of the while that a keen-eyed, stolid-looking person, who stood near the gangplank, looked every woman traveler over with a searching glance. First the faces, then the figures and lastly the expression of



Astonishing Discoveries.

all these neat, tailor-made petticoats, underwent the sharpest scrutiny.

Even as the women walk about on the dock, greeting friends and looking after luggage, the surveillance is continued.

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Gown Plans From Paris

NEW AUTUMN HATS ARE FULL OF COQUETRY.

Exquisite and Original Toiletries For the Afternoon—Fetiching Wraps.

Paris, Aug. 31.—In the work rooms of Paris are busy brains and tireless hands laboring ceaselessly at the problem of what shall be worn when the fall balloon sleeve has been picked by autumn's winds—if, indeed, it is to be so picked, for of all the vexed questions this of the sleeve is the most vexing; and at this moment the dressmakers of the whole world are on pilgrimages to Paris and there their days are spent from 10 o'clock to 4 in said work rooms, where tentative models are passed and repassed before them like magic lantern slides.

There they are dashing blindly at rouge or noir, and laying their money for luck, knowing not in the least what the end may be. They buy their models and take them home, but the hail will not come rolling till frost-time and neither favor nor love can tell beforehand how many breadths will be accepted as correct in a skirt. Neither she knows that makes her she that will wear.

The character of the dress is largely determined by the hat. It is wide in front, where it seems weighted with trimming; it is wide at the sides, where the trimming is built out to the edge and beyond, and it turns up high behind, with the effect of an enormous Spanish black comb, and this comb has set first against it a multitude of flowers. At times it seems to be the width that dominates and at others the weight of the front or the height of the back. Its analysis is subtle and evasive. There have been hats higher and hats wider, but there have never been more surprising and complex. A part of its effect is due to its position on the head; it is worn tipped low over the face, so that the brim cuts across the disc of the eyes. Then this high-flowered back comb and the eyes glancing out from beneath the shade have an effect of extreme coquetry. The apparently modest produced by the really complex has resulted in the extremely piquant, and hereby it may be noted that the dressmaker's art has in nowise lost its grip.

A NEW COIFFURE.

A peculiar style of hairdressing goes with this hat. It is called the *Botticelli*, being named after the old master. The hair begins out on each side the forehead, growing wide as it descends, being either waved or plain, so that the face peeps from between as well as from under, thus adding the effect upon it of the hat. The face looks delicate and appealing. There is here an instance where mere arrangement of dress gives to every woman a grace and charm of expression that she does not possess by nature.

A beautiful or ugly face makes no difference to this sort of charm, for the senses hold to immediate phenomena, and the senses are entranced by this complex coquetry. If after analysis discovers that the woman is plain there will come, not disappointment, but surprise. The picture finds itself much better than preserve, and a pink and white complexion is tame beside these subtleties. Here, indeed, is the triumph of art.

One may note that uncovered ears are now shocking. Immodest is too small a word—the naked ear looks fairly brazen. Thus a few weeks of habitude sweeps decades into oblivion. On which text philosophy may be hung, provided warm weather gives indulgence.

AN ANTOINETTE WRAP.

If there is no new dress under the sun—Aunt's linen coat being worn in-day by women and pantaloons having been found from the stone epoch—there are at least designs that reappear like comets as such successive generations. Thus it is with a certain Marie Antoinette hood, that has appeared and seemed destined to a career. Not so very old in its design, it is so extremely odd and its career was so short in its day that it comes with all the effect of surprise.

This hood is extremely wide, and is hooped around the opening, and when on



White Silk, Barred With Brown.

the head stands out like an inflated ball balloon somewhat flattened on the top and leaving a wide space on each side of the face, that may be filled with hair or shade.

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in evening wraps next winter, but forecasting the times they are occasionally seen on hotel piazzas at night, and made of taffeta berbered or of satin lined with cloth; one or two travelers have worn them coming from Paris to the beach. The effect is truly marvelous.

LARGE OR SMALL.

Apocryphal of sleeves, there is a speck as large as a man's hand that appeared in March that remains inquiringly if it does grow. It is the Louis XVI sleeve, which is to say, the little sleeve, dubbed historically by courtesy for introduction purposes only. Its hesitating persistence troubles everybody concerned. Will it be assimilated or not?

That it is to be seen here and there on a daring gown is not an answer but an aggravation. And all the cloakmakers because of it are late in their autumn models. Shall they make skewed jackets or shall they not? If the gown sleeves fall they may, if not they must make capes. And the manufacturers of dress mantles, and are accustomed to furnish the retailers with colored plates of gowns made to illustrate the stuffs, have hit in despair upon the expedient of making two pictures where they usually make one—a picture with big sleeves and one with small—the chances appear something like even.

Until the weather grows cool it is a luxury to do something out of routine, and perhaps this is the reason white silk gowns are being worn on the afternoon promenade. I do not know that anybody can say why white silk is not as suited to day wear as white cotton, provided it can be paid for, but certainly not long since it would have seemed the very madness of taste and a monstrous usurpation of the prerogative of a bride. Though made up with the simplicity of serge, it is nothing short of a day-day's glimpse.

SKIRTS AND FABRICS.

Perhaps the same breed of defying rule explains why many skirts rise in trimming. For having had it made perfectly clear that plain skirts alone were to be tolerated, it is astonishing to see ruffles and puffs run amuck over the gods of dress. Does this signify somewhat for the future



Black and Rose Foulard House.

style, or is it a passing sympathy with nature?

As to materials the uppermost question is as to the weather's want of reflecting surfaces like taffeta and alpaca just how in great vogue. Be such surfaces or alabaster or ivory like crepe, lace and organdie look and feel